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# The Trail

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# "THE VALIANT"

H. Surplis

A certain limited amount of time notably that between going somewhere and coming back, gave me the occasional glimpse of other Alberta men during the summer. This period, commonly and erroneously referred to as "vacation," is one of the most active as far as Varsity men are concerned. Leaving out the taxi drivers, who have no conscience whatsoever, the great bulk of them work, and work quite hard. But since we are concerned more with the recent graduates it would seem appropriate to leave the tea hounds to a later date.

The class of '29 has now literally and figuratively been cast upon the world for six months, either to make an honest living or go into real estate. The bulk of them, I trust, will do neither. "Honest living" too often means genteel drudgery. The law student who looked the boss in the eye a month after starting work and told him exactly what to do with his thirty-five dollars is among those who will later demand their price. Let the lads from the business colleges and correspondence mills (Thank God I clipped the coupon, Nell!) take the dollar-a-day jobs. The grads are out for bigger money.

Which brings me to the phase where we all push out for a little nip, returning to ask, "And how do they get those jobs?" I don't know. In fact, I don't think anyone knows. One day McGlutz, Class '30, is hitting up an acquaintance for "two or three until the end of the week." Next time we see him he tramples lightly over the prostrate form of a traffic cop, slaps the general manager of Artichokes, Consolidated, on the back, and there we are. A month later he is a member of the Spheroids, or Hiflyers, or some other service club (Piffle, Push and Promiscuity) and is lost to the barroom quartettes forever.

If McGlutz went through the same experiences, however, as some of the nearest and dearest have done, he had an interesting time of it. Only the lads who have barked their knuckles on office doors or have slipped past wary commissionaires, can appreciate the full beauty of the thing. The attitude of the average business man toward the college graduate reminds me very much of the fond uncle who was presented with his ten-year-old nephew just home from boarding school. "So," chirped the beer baron, "so you have learned algebra. Well, what's the word for bacon?" I have met few employers, with the exception of university graduates, who did not either expect the college man to sit up and do tricks or else use a vocabulary comprised of the largest words in the dictionary. There are, of course, a great majority who are by no means as peculiar in their attitude, but somehow they are all possessed of a certain suspicion of the graduate. Whether it arises from an inferiority complex or a genuine conviction that higher learning is conducive to laziness, I cannot say. But it is there just the same.

It cannot be denied that the university graduate, unless he has had a great deal of practical work before entering college, has a rather peculiar outlook on life. He is like a youngster with a shining new bicycle which he hasn't quite learned to ride; splendidly equipped, but not altogether sure of his course. Years spent in theory are apt to push practical matters farther and farther off. When the graduate is suddenly confronted with actuality he is certain to be a little at a loss for time. He has one advantage, however, that if he has learned anything in university he has learned to think and to think quickly.

One of the most striking examples is that of the Commerce grad. There is the old story of the employer who told the holder of a B.Com. that he would not allow the fact to prejudice him, but would start him at just as high a salary as the

(Continued on Page 14)

# The Fighting of Plant Disease in the Netherlands

By Peter Keyser, B.A.
Agricultural Student, University of Alberta.

In the Netherlands with their intensive agriculture and horticulture, great care is being given to the checking of plant diseases. Like other countries, the Netherlands possess scientific institutions where phytopathological researches are conducted, and where the knowledge of plant diseases is developed. I would especially point out that the endeavours to find remedies against the so-called virus diseases which attack potatoes (leaf-roll disease, mosaic disease, etc.), and which are so successfully kept in check by means of selection, have been led into new channels by research carried out in Holland.

The Phytopathological Institution consists of three divisions (laboratories), viz., mycology and potato researches, entomology, and flower bulbs (in the actual bulb district). In addition to these three Government institutions, there is one private institution.

### Results of Researches

The results of the researches carried on in these four laboratories are published in scientific periodicals. Moreover, pamphlets, as well as intensive information is given to all agriculturists in order to induce them to adopt measures that may lead to an improvement in the equity and quantity of the yield of the various crops.

In order to spread the above intelligence, another Government service was established, viz., the Phytopathological Service, which has its chief office and employs thirty-five officials, stationed all over the country. Taking into consideration the small area of the Netherlands, I may safely say that in no other country a like amount of care is bestowed on the agricultural and horticultural problems. The above-mentioned thirty-five employees are also entrusted with the testing of plants, flower bulbs, potatoes, and other products which are destined for export and must consequently be provided with certificates of health.

### Exports Inspected

Holland's exports of agricultural and horticultural products are considerable. Many countries do not admit products unless they have been previously submitted to an examination by a Government institution and found free from dangerous pests.

The Netherlands Phytopathological Service is perfectly able to satisfy the demands made upon it. An opportunity is offered every farmer and gardener to have his plants examined free of charge, and, if necessary, to obtain advice as to the measures to be adopted.

### Advertising Propaganda

The Service also draws the attention of farmers and gardeners to diseases that may occur, and hold exhibitions in summer, and small local shows in winter, which arouse a great deal of interest. It provides preparations and photographs of plant diseases to schools and colleges. It organizes excursions in summer, during which the diseases are shown on the field and the ways of keeping them in check are discussed. Instruction is also given to correspondents, three hundred of whom are employed by the Service. The farms are inspected as much as possible, and free advice is given to the farmers.

Thanks to all these endeavours the state of health of the crops may be called favorable. The results, for example, achieved in fighting the vine's disease, as in potatoes, by means of early harvesting and by means of stem and mass selections, are very gratifying.

*The Netherlands invite any foreigner to come and inspect her potato crops grown after the methods referred to above.*

(Continued on Page 13)

# SPECK'S MASTER

It was the first of May in the Porcupine Hills. Green grass had taken the place of the old faded brown, and little white-faced calves dotted the sunny slopes.

Once again the cowboys ventured forth in their broad-brimmed hats, and as for their overshoes,—they were kicked under the bed and forgotten long ago! A big broad smile brightened up each weather-beaten face, and even the boss and cook seemed happy. But the reason was quite obvious as the mess box had been cleaned out, the wagon greased, and the convoy gathered. If these three signs of spring cannot clear away all winter chills and grudges in a cow-camp, then there is something vitally wrong somewhere.

And so there must have been with Kit.

He was thirty miles from the ranch, in charge of a winter camp, and had not seen anyone from home for over three months. Surely he was not lonesome—he had been by himself the greater part of his life, and besides he did have his truest and best friend, Speck, with him.

Speck was only a mongrel dog, and like most mongrels he had a good set of brains, but he could not thoroughly understand Kit, and Kit could not thoroughly understand him. However he did realize that something was worrying his master. Back home he would play with him at nights, but here he would only sit and talk. Every evening it was the same. No matter how much barking or teasing Speck did, Kit would just sit on the door-step and smoke.

One night before Kit "hit the hay" he called Speck to him, and taking his head between his hands, he said, "Speck, I'm leaving for the ranch in the mornin'. I cain't wait any longer. It's two months now since she took sick. Mebby Dad's all alone and can't get anyone to come, 'cause he said he'd let me know. I cain't understand. Yeah, I've got to go. You stay here and sort of watch things. I'll only be gone a couple of days or more. That's the old Speck-dog!"

Speck seemed to understand, for he gave Kit his paw and tried to look serious. But as they sat Kit noticed that he was restless and and kept looking towards the East; he even growled once.

"Must smell coyote or bear" thought Kit as he unconsciously found himself straining his eyes in the same direction as Speck was looking. But he soon changed his mind. The thud of hoofs, and then a horse's puffing came to their ears. Kit rushed inside the door for his rifle. Visitors were rare in these parts, and especially at this time of night. One could never be too careful.

The new-comer came as far as the barn where he dismounted. In the dim moonlight Kit could see the outline of a short bare-headed figure, and he also saw that there was no saddle on the horse.

Speck growled. The figure came slowly and cautiously towards the cabin, and Kit could see now, that his visitor was an Indian, and he could tell from the figure that it was an old friend, Moses.

"Hello, Moses!" he said holding Speck's collar.

Moses stopped, and put his hand over his mouth (a mark of surprise, in Indian) then mumbled something and proceeded.

"Where you come from, Moses?"

"Down, big mile," he answered, pointing in the direction from which he had come.

"Home ranch?"

"Hum ranch?"

"Yeah, 'home ranch'!"

"Yeah, hulm ranch" smiled Moses.

"When did you leave? When you leave?"

"Uh, mebby early, siecks mebby."

"Did they send any messages?"

"Nuh."

"Who send you?"

"Nuh."

"Who—send—you?"

"Uh, he boss."

"What he send you for? What for?"

"Go big miles, tell Kit."

"'Tell Kit' what?"

"Me know-no—Go north mebby ten

mile firs'; big ribber,—yes'-day, you fudder there."

"Yes, yes,—what he say?" Kit became excited; he grabbed Moses by the shoulder.

"Me know-no! Tellum me go big miles where Kit camp."

"But what for, you old fool? Didn't he 'send-um' letter?"

"Halter? Me ketchum one—on horse."

"Not 'halter', — letter!" Kit shook Moses by his shoulder. "What my father tell you?"

"Huh, me no like talka th' mad!"

Kit sat down and held his head in his hands. He discovered that Moses could not be "pumped"; yet he knew that he must have a message from home,—why why had his father sent him?

The were silent for some time, but Moses was the first to break the spell.

"You ketchem de time?"

"Yeah,—nearly twelve; midnight."

"You sleep?"

"By and by."

"You ketchem de gub?"

"Some,—you hungry?"

"Yeaah, me hungie!"

"I give you breakfast in morning."

"Uh. - - - Big waters down hill - - plenty bad him trail."

"Yeah?"

"Long way—big miles, me hungie. No habem de gub all day!"

"Yeah?'

"'Yeah'—no gub!"

Again they were silent. The old Indian sat down and leaned against the building, while Kit made patterns in the dirt with his toe. After some time, when the night air became cold, Moses stood up and told Kit that he "go now".

"Where to?" Kit asked.

"Uh—he Sam ketchem camp back five mile, on click. Me go. Here 'signs' for you." Moses had been fumbling in his coat, and now handed to Kit a crumpled envelope.

He took it hesitatingly and turned it over before opening it. Moses watched with keen interest and smiled.

Kit glanced down the page, threw his arms around Speck and whispered, "Thank God—she's better, old boy! And Bob's coming tomorrow—so I can go home and see her!" And then aloud "Come on in, Moses! I give you breakfast right now!"

Moses grinned all over as he stepped inside the cabin. Kit ran down the slope to the spring house for some meat, with Speck barking at his side. On their way back he picked up a stick and threw it into the air. Speck went tearing after it—Yes! His master was the same old Kit once more!

# TWO POEMS

O. R. Wray.

## THE POET

Ohe!
Scorn not me—
All the Beauty which I show
I must know;
Know within, and know it well
Ere I tell
So it fall on other ears
Go resounding down the years.

Ohe!
Scorn not me—
If the Beauty does not hide
Safe inside,
I can neither joy nor sing
Of anything.
Here the Truth—I know—I know—
So it is that I can show
Lesser minds, duller eyes
What they dare not to surmise.

Ohe!
Envy me.
Beauty is within my soul—
Beauty has made my life whole,
Sound without, clean within,
Beauty passing mortal sin—
Ohe!
Envy me!
Mine the eyes which really see.

## THE ARTIST

And I who know you dream of you
  And paint you so
As I have dreamt you—such all dreamers
    do—
  And lo

Redder your lips than fire,
  Bluer than skies
Your vaguely troubled eyes—and my de-
    sire
  Turns lies—

For all the portrait shown
  Is false, untrue,
Only a dream, a dream alone,
  Not you.

I serve the old behest,
  Or so it seems—
I cannot show the truth, unless, unless
  I leave my dreams.

# WORRY—ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

Coming across it suddenly on Jasper Avenue, amid the bright lights and all the cleanliness and prosperity which characterizes the city of Edmonton, I was the more impressed by the sheer sordidness of the hideous spectacle.

That figure huddled in a chair with one arm asprawl the beer-soaked table, could it possibly be a man? It seemed, rather, a pitiful heap of rags, some dejected effigy of Guy Fawkes which had been denied the "one crowded hour of glorious life" when it might have blazed up in fiery splendor on some forgotten fifth of November. The face half-buried in the dirty rag that served the purpose of a collar seemed more like a comic mask, made hideous by the ingenious fingers of some street urchin, with its drunken leer presenting the awful vacuity of a degenerate imbecile. Motionless it sat, slumped forward with one limp hand still fondling the empty beer-bottle that stood on the table.

I drew in my breath, and with an effort shifted my gaze to the figure in the opposite corner.

What a contrast she presented to the lifeless lump at the table. And yet, even this creature despite her violent energy, had something of the corpse about her. As though the soul of a robôt had entered into a dead washerwoman. For washerwoman the creature appeared to be, her arms moving with spasmodic violence back and forth, back and forth upon the wash-board over which she was bent. And as though to mock the sense of honest labour that the scene conjured up, her dust-cap went flip-flop, flip-flop, keeping ludicrous time with the dismal rumbling of the board against the tub.

Truly a perfect picture of domestic misery, and so shocking in its stark ugliness that all thoughts of hesitation were swept aside. I would buy one of the bright shiny new washing machines that gleamed in the lamp-light behind the figures in the window.

The Superb Washing Machine Co. had undeniably achieved a striking victory over my self-indulgence. No longer would my dear aunt's cap go flip-flop, flip-flop over a wash-board. The money which I might have spent in beer, if I were in the habit of drinking beer, would easily pay the monthly installments and I would be saved—ugh, I shuddered as I looked once more at the poor wretch at the table.

And yet I hesitated. Perhaps it was my curiosity as to what brand of beer could be so potent that one bottle could produce such awful results. And the longer I stood there the less sympathy I felt for the tireless figure at the wash-tub; such boundless energy—no wonder the poor man had taken to drink.

So I took my hand out of my cheque-book pocket and began to think. In the first place, I realized that if I saved all the money I spent in a year on beer I might possibly be able to buy one large package of Sunlight soap. Then there was my aunt to be considered. Her cap never flip-flopped in that dejected manner. In fact, I could almost have sworn that some time or other I had heard her speak contemptuously of these new-fangled machines.

But the final deciding factor was the case of our neighbor, Mr. Podger, that came to my mind at that moment. I remembered how bravely he had smiled when Mrs. Podger announced the purchase of the new Orthophonic. He had met the payments month by month as though his motto had been that of the French at Verdun, "Ils ne passeront pas."

But he had wilted visibly under the strain of the new Chesterfield suite, and I remembered now it was the washing machine that had started him drinking. Perhaps after all there was something wrong with the tableau that the Superb Washing Machine Co. had prepared for my susceptibilities. Perhaps a drunkard's grave was preferable to the terrible inevitableness of the monthly installment. After all, the dummy's face at least be-

trayed no lines of hopeless worry. A strikingly carefree face it seemed to me.

By this time I was well down the street and found myself outside a hardware store. On an impulse I entered and glancing around, soon discovered an old-fashioned wash-board standing in the corner.

"That is a handsome-looking wash-board you have there," I said to the store-keeper. "Do you sell many of them?" "Not very many," replied the worthy proprietor. "You see, our chief customers are the well-to-do people of the city, and as they use their wash-boards carefully and never allow their children to use them for toboganning downstairs, they rarely buy a new one. The poor people, of course, are all getting washing machines nowadays."

"Would you like me to help you sell wash-boards?" I asked him.

"Tell me how," he replied doubtfully. And then I unfolded my little scheme.

He was to provide me with a shop-window, in which I would place a bed and persuade some large female to prop herself up in it and eat chocolates and read magazines. Near at hand I would place a desk, at which I would seat any one of a dozen or more of my business acquaintances, all of whom have that tired installment-ridden look on their faces. They would simply have to take their notices-of-payments-due into the window and sit for an hour a day reading them over so as to make their misery apparent to any casual window-gazer. For this I would pay them five dollars a week. I told him I knew several dozen men who would bravely face the ordeal of reading over their financial obligations for the sake of lightening a few of them. As to the publicity, they would scarcely be aware of it once they started thinking about their monthly payments.

Mr. Hardwareman was visibly impressed, but wanted to know where the wash-boards came in. So I hastened to explain. Over the head of "hubby" would be hung by a fine thread a card bearing the legend, "The next installment, the modern Sword of Damocles."

Then on top of a pile of wash-boards would be an inscription, "Don't grow fat in idleness, while hubby grows thin with worry—use a Gymnast wash-board—they keep the weight down and the spirits up."

"It's a great idea," replied Mr. Hardwareman slowly, "but I'm afraid I can't use it. You see, I'm making a bgi drive to sell electric floor-polishers next week —five dollars down and five dollars a month."

# EDITORIAL

Of all the intrepid pathfinders who have with pen and shears in hand carried *The Trail* along its somewhat hesitant and uncertain way few have worked more willingly or with as marked success as the retiring editor, and it is with some sense of inadequacy that we take our place in the recently vacated editorial chair.

During the two years of his editorship Wilfred Wees brought out seven very worthy issues of *The Trail*, and it is only because his work has taken him from the city that he has relinquished a task the successful performance of which, in spite of its demands on his time, constituted for him, so we have every reason to believe, a very great satisfaction.

In his new field of activity as lecturer in psychology at the Camrose Normal School we wish him every success and happiness.

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# "Save Vice Nothing Is So Wasteful"

Now that Ramsay MacDonald, once the anathema of all patriotic Englishmen, has become exalted as the apostle of peace and the frenzied crowds that fifteen years ago reviled him for a cowardly pacifist are strewing palms before his triumphal journey up to the White House, some of us who have listened in silent disgust year by year to the "dint of armed heels" resounding through the corridors of the Arts building may pluck up courage to speak out clear and strong.

Even supposing there are arguments in favor of the kind of military training given in the C.O.T.C., it seems impossible to justify the presence of our student-warriors in Convocation Hall, the very precincts supposedly sacred to the arts of peace, to music, the drama and the memory of those who died in "a war to end wars."

Let him who thinks that a university is a place for fostering militarism read the following extracts from a book entitled "Disarmament," by Salvador de Madariago:

"While we grudge the quality of material we grant our schools, hospitals, astronomical observatories, we lavish our best steel, our choicest woods, our finest optical appliances, our purest chemicals on the soldier, the sailor, and the airman who ask for them. And these costly guns, these expensive aeroplanes, these extravagant battleships, how long do they last? The life of an aeroplane engine is measured in hours; the number of shots a gun can shoot is smaller than the number of dollars it costs. The life of a battleship can be represented by a number of years smaller than the number of millions of dollars which went to its making. And the skill, patience, attention, devotion, and the precious human life which goes to the making of these destructive machines is not only directed to wrong uses, but to flitting uses. The objects thus created, as if cursed by their own destructive destinies, are self-destructive and live but short lives. Save vice, nothing is so wasteful in the world as war and the preparation for it. . . ."

"The armament system implies of course huge sums spent in food, clothes, and salaries for soldiers, sailors and airmen. . . ."

"These men, thus diverted from creative occupations, are made to learn a trade which, in all coolness of mind and with no wish to offend, it is impossible to describe otherwise than as organized, disciplined, systematic, and wholesale murder. . . ."

"To defend soldiering on account of the virtues which it breeds is tantamount to

justifying commercial frauds on the ground that they call forth great proficiency in arithmetic and stimulate quick wits. . . ."

"International mistrust . . . tends to foster artificial economic systems by lending some plausibility to the theory that a nation must be self-supporting. Examples of such economic folly abound in our day. . . ."

"The greatest loss of all is in the realm of the spirit. For the existence of armaments is a permanent blot on mankind. That in our present stage of civilization, twenty centuries after the divine teachings of Christ, five centuries after the all-but-divine creations of Leonardo, four centuries after the splendid achievements of Shakespeare, mankind should still be treasuring hatreds, piling murderous weapons in its arsenals, divided against itself, its soul still blackened by fratricidal passions and its hands still soiled by human blood, is an appalling thought on which no mind can rest that is worthy of the name of human."

# CORRESPONDENCE

c|o C.P.R.,
Lethbridge, Alta.,
October 8th, 1929.

Editor, The Trail.

Dear Sir,—It occurs to me that considerable improvement could be made in the system of nominating candidates for office in the Alumni Association.

The present situation was brought to mind at nomination time last spring, when I was located in a part of the country comparatively remote from University influence, and I found that it was practically impossible to make an intelligent nomination due to lack of contact with other members and a consequent unfamiliarity with possible nominees.

There must be many Alumni who find themselves in the same position, and probably some have lost interest in the affairs of the Association and have dropped out, feeling that their location barred them from active participation.

The actual nominating power thus lies largely in the hands of those members who are connected with the Branches of the Association, where discussion may take place, and where greater familiarity with the affairs of the Association is found. The large body of non-resident members or "members at large" are badly handicapped.

Could not the situation be improved by amending the constitution to provide for a nominating committee? The members might be selected partly from the branches and partly from the membership at large. I believe that such an arrangement would tend to increase interest in the nominations particularly among non-resident members.

Another suggestion I would make is that, should the present form of nominating be retained, the form calling for nominations should be revised and should include a statement as to which officers shall or shall not be residents of the city of Edmonton, as the section of the constitution in which this is set forth is probably not widely known.

If I remember correctly, the President, in his last annual report, was frankly pessimistic as to the progress the Association was making. Therefore it is well that we examine every possible channel with a view to doing all we can to create and hold active interest in all matters, and to ease the many burdens now resting on the shoulders of our excellent, untiring and hard-working executive.

Yours truly,
R. A. P. BOWMAN,
Sci '28.

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[The following clauses of the constitution are directly or indirectly referred to in Mr. Bowman's letter:

"6. The Council shall consist of the President, First Vice-President, Secretary

and Treasurer; all of whom shall be residents of the city of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, and a Second Vice-President and a Third Vice-President who shall not be residents of the said city of Edmonton, and the Presidents of all the Branches of the Association."

"13. On the first day of March of each year the President of the Association shall call for nominations for the offices to be filled on the Council, and he shall send or cause to be sent, notices calling for such nominations in the Farm "A" in the schedule to this Constitution, to each branch of the Association and to each individual member of the Association in good standing not a member of a branch."

Constructive criticism is welcomed by the Council, which will initiate any change for which it holds a clearly-defined mandate. It may be pointed out in passing that revision of Form "A" would require an amendment to the constitution, but that this could be avoided by enclosing with the nomination form a copy of clause 6 as set out above.—G.B.T.]

# CAMPUS CHATTER

This is October. And October, to the readers of this column (both of them), signifies the month dedicated to handshakes, green and gold bibs, registration, marriage announcements, track, and rugby. This year no exception. There are, of course, many new (or at least retouched) faces around, but the sight of one old friend makes up for the unrecognizing stare of a dozen strangers. Long tales of summer adventures are being recounted in the new palatial Tuck Shop, moustaches are being counted, petty differences forgotten, and the ashes of old dreams are beginning to burst again into flames.

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Some only, of course. Many minds have been changed in the last five months and many campus alliances apparently severed forever. Sad indeed is the fate of the youth who returns to find that the girl on whom he spent his father's money last winter has been caught in the tide of matrimonial enthusiasm which this summer swept across the province.

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"Thank heaven for the Freshettes," he exclaims, in his melancholy. And well he may express gratitude. For the diuturnity of undergraduate desolation is about twenty-seven days, and November will see all ranks filled once more.

The Freshies will do their part, too. The hazing period is now over, the gym stripped of its unholy tortures and Class '33 ready to step forward unhampered by the manacles of persecution. Initiation, by the way, was much the same. The period of humiliation was shorter, the devices of torture varied somewhat and made a trifle more severe, but precedent was followed to the usual extent. Some of the devices used on the fateful evening were original and humorous, some were a bit dangerous, some extremely vulgar.

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But they all went through the mill. Some with athletic bodies and well-controlled nerves crawled around the room thoroughly enjoying most of it. Others, lonesome, home-sick boys for whom hazing could never be necessary, were dragged trembling, from ladder to operating table to tub. Some of these won't dare to act as we wish them to, until next year.

---

Registration was the usual congested attack on Convocation Hall. It's a great game, and the authorities have added some new variations this fall in order to keep the attacking side from progressing too rapidly. This, at great expense to the defenders, too, since it has necessitated long hours of work and worry. And behind the barrange of registration cards calendars, and bored advisors, there is the occasional glimpse of the Freshman

or Admissions Committee labouring endlessly and sometimes futilely, to straighten things out.

---

"Things" are starting, too. Distant rumblings of dramatic, debating, track, glee club and Arts club activities, cause the untrained ear to remain cocked with anxiety. The moguls are convening and planning, the council is legislating, Students' Union fees have gone up, fraternal brothers are practicing hand-clasps and getting quotations on rents.

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Rugby has started, and the team of 1929 bids fair to equal, if not surpass, the sensational record of its immediate predecessor. The one game played to date, showed a heavier and better balanced team than the one we saw this time last year. Coached once more by the great Wally Sterling, with an experienced backfield built around Freddie Hess, only injuries can prevent another year of outstanding success. Ken Thompson is captain, some of the other veterans being Al Hall, Bill Pullishy, Herman Hayes, Bill Shandro, Herb Hutton, Dud Menzies, Mal McCallum and Barney Barnett. Several new men show marked promise and do their bit to guarantee a real show to every alumnus who can get down to the grid for one of the games.

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The Edmonton Eskimos, the only team to down Varsity last year, were defeated 13-6 in the opening match. In spite of the Eskimos' two weeks' extra training period and initial game against Calgary, Varsity held them even till half time, and scored four times on them in the second half. The new forward pass was introduced to Varsity fans, who pronounced enthusiastically in its favour, although Varsity used it but little. It is safe to say, however, that the Saskatchewan game on October 19, and the Manitoba game on Thanksgiving, will show the Alberta team to be one worth going miles to see.

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The Track team goes to Saskatoon this year, aiming to retain the Cairns Cup, and certain, if beaten, to force every other athlete to break records with abandon and dispatch. There are other things happening, too. Profs have quit us cold or got leave of absence, and the dancing industry is getting on its (and others') feet again, and Tubby Thornton is presiding in the dining room and The Gateway has a new typewriter and the rugby game on the 12th will be broadcast from both Edmonton and Calgary and more bleachers have been built at the grid and St. Steve's is a nurses' home and everyone seems to have had a strange and wonderful summer and it's tea time and the editor's wife brews good tea.

—DON BEE.

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## THE FIGHTING OF PLANT DISEASES IN THE NETHERLANDS

(Continued from Page 4)

### Other Troubles Looked After

Good results were similarly obtained in fighting grain diseases by means of hot water treatment and seed heating. The mechanical treatment of rape seed in order to combat root brand has been taken in hand in two different establishments, with the result that large quantities of seed can be treated in the shortest possible time. Moreover, a better growth is thus insured. In years when many larvae of the crane fly occur, the harm done by them is vigorously checked by the application of clay poisoned with Schweinfurther green. Fruit trees are sprayed with carbolineum.

The Phytopathological Service furthermore has an ornithological department which encourages the use of artificial birds' nests, so as to promote an increase in the stock of useful birds.

Finally, I should mention the inspections made by the rules laid down by several agricultural societies which likewise pay the strictest attention to the occurrence of diseases. The Phytopathological part of this work is done with the assistance of the Phytopathological Service.

## "THE VALIANT"

(Continued from Page 3)

rest. Certainly the commerce man is inferior to the student of chartered accountancy as far as office practice is concerned. But when the two are compared on the basis of their respective knowledge of practical economics and the like, there is little difficulty in picking out the better man. Give the grad a little time to find himself and he soon makes up for his period of absence from the business world.

The engineer and the medical graduate fare a little better. Both professions have acquired a certain ethical code, particularly the latter, which both protects and initiates the newcomer without causing him to run the gamut of the greenhorn. The Arts man is the most serious problem of all. He is admittedly "impractical," and aside from the gentle practice of school-teaching is committed either to start any one profession at the bottom or else make a precarious living in the field of writing.

And yet, strange to say, here is the most adaptable of all university graduates, if he chooses to be so. If his course has been truly one of "liberal Arts" he has acquired an outlook which is not found anywhere else. He has been introduced to the best in thought which can be found, and some of it at least cannot entirely escape him. He has little practical knowledge it is true, but he has, or should have, the basic requirement, an open mind. Give him his footing and he can move the world.

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# ALUMNI NOTES

Once again there is the editorial demand for news. Most of the items recorded here have been gathered by *Jean Millar*, '25, who has been a most capable Acting-Secretary this summer, and *Carman Craig*, '27, her "accomplice" in the library.

During my stay in Ottawa this summer I was engaged in editorial work for the National Research Council. *C. K. Johns*, '25, was my companion on many enjoyable excursions, mostly by water. He is Assistant Bacteriologist at the Central Experimental Farm. Across the street, in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, *Bill Grindley*, '23, '25 (Ph.D. Minnesota), was busy on the Canada Year Book, for which he is writing a monograph. *Jean Whitelaw* (nee *Williamson*), '26, and *Alex.* have a cosy little apartment on Ambassador Court (612 Bank St.), where I enjoyed a pleasant dinner with them and *Dorothy Hartshorn*, '28, who is in the Publicity branch of the National Parks Division. *D. W. Thomson*, '26, at that time Assistant to the Joint Law Clerks but now back in Edmonton, was our escort around the House, showing us many things and places that we should not otherwise have seen. In passing, I might say that many alumni, especially the "40-beer" men, will find an old friend in Ottawa in the person of *Dr. R. W. Boyle*, now Director of the Physics and Engi-

neering Physics Section of the National Research Council.

In Toronto, on my way home, I had lunch with *Frances Shillington*, '27, who is in the library of the Massey Harris Co., and tea with *Roly*, '20, and *Mrs. Michener* and their charming little daughter, *Joan*. Their address is 29 Classic Ave. A very pleasant three-quarters of an hour was spent in Winnipeg with *M. E. Jean-Richard*, '23, also a proud father. He is in the Modern Language Department of the University of Manitoba. . . . And so home.

A number of Alberta grads are amongst the new members of the staff. *H. R. (Tubby) Thornton*, '22, is Professor of Dairying and heads the staff table with dignity. *Dr. H. E. Smith*, '25, '27, is Assistant Professor of Education, *J. W. Sutherland*, '26, '28, lectures in Chemistry. *Ted Gowan*, '23, '25, is back from Oxford, with a Ph.D. gained in meteorology, to lecture in Physics in the place of *L. H. Nichols*, '25, who is at McGill this session on leave of absence. *J. W. Caspar*, '27, becomes an instructor in Classics. In the offices one notices the absence of *Marjorie Graham*, '24, but sees instead *Marguerite Cooper*, '26, and *Dorothy Hamilton*, '29, in the Med library. In the new course in Education are *Mary Lehmann*, '29, *Isabel McNab*, '28, *Dorothy Hill*, '28, *Annie Waldo*, '29, and several others. Continuing in Medicine are *Wes Watts*, '25, *W. S. Archibald*, '28, *H. L. Newcombe*, '28, *J. E. Cram*, '28, *Miss A. F. Joyce*, '27, *H. Scott*, '28, *F. S. Hobbs*, '28, *A. H. McLennan*, '28, and *D. B. Roxburgh*, '27.

Of the M.D.'s and D.D.S.'s, I learn that *Don Currie*, '25, '28, was House Physician at the Lake Louise Chalet this summer; that *Bill Genereux*, '26, practises at Cudworth, Sask., *H. L. Nix*, '27, at Red Deer, *Ross Gibson*, '24, at Lethbridge (address, please?), and *A. C. Ahrens* at Taber, Alberta. *Bill Cassells*, '28, is on the staff of the Mental Hospital at Ponoka. *B. M. Malo*, '29, is in Scranton, Pa. (The Moses Taylor Hospital?). In Law, *Don Morrison*, '27, '28, practises in Moose Jaw, *Bruce Massey*, '29, is in the office of Freeman, Parlee and Howson, Edmonton, *E. (Bud) Lando*, '29, is articled to P. G. Thomson, Edmonton, *George Bryan*, '23, '25, practises at Stony Plain, and *Bill Bloor*, '25, '27, is at Wembley, Alberta.

Toronto is proving attractive to our members. The contingent there includes *Mae Massey*, '29, in the T. Eaton Mail Order Dept., *Marjorie Scanlon*, '29, secretary to the editor of "Maclean's," *Marjorie Race*, '27, in the Connaught Laboratories, *Thelma Atkinson*, '29, in the library course at U. of T., *Peter Kilburn*, '29, with the Dominion Securities, *Jean Campbell*, '29, in the Conservatory of Music, and *Jack Cayley*, '27, '29, in Geology at U. of T. Get together occasionally, folks, and let us hear of the gathering! Which reminds me that it is time some of you eastern people were contributing to *The Trail*. "Noblesse oblige," you know, and all that sort of thing!

The profession of teaching is gaining some recruits, and of course there are some changes. *Wilf Wees*, '23, '26, '28, much missed around these parts, is an instructor in psychology at the Normal School, Camrose; *Jean Munro*, '29, is at Canmore, *Bea Williams*, '29, in Edmonton, *Bea Buckley*, '25, in the Lacombe High School, *Hazel Johnson*, '29, in Spokane, *Clarence Greenlees*, '29, at Eastwood School, Edmonton, and *Sid White*, '29, is at High River. Doing post-grad work are *A. E. Clarke*, '24, '27, with an assistantship in Plant Genetics at the University of Wisconsin; *Mildred Paskins*, '28, student dietitian under *Esther Prevey*, '25, at the Children's Hospital in Winnipeg; *Myra Cipperly*, '28, in Paris on a French Government Bursary (her address wanted, please); *Glen Klingaman*, '27, '29, on a fellowship at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois; and *Don Sproule*, '28, '29, with the 1851 exhibition scholarship at the University of London (a cheer for Don; this makes the fourth Albertan to secure this coveted prize. The others? *Ferdy Lehmann*, '20, '21, *Len Huskins*, '23, '25, and *John Anderson*, '26, '28).

*Robert "Pete" McQueen*, '19, '20, of the University of Saskatchewan, has been spending the summer at his old hime in

Edmonton; so also has *Dixie Pelluet*, '19, of Murray, Kentucky. *I. W. Jones*, '22, '24, has been geologically surveying the Gaspé peninsula for the Quebec Government this summer. *B. J. (Bev.) Mair*, '23, has accepted a position with a research laboratory in Washington, D.C. *Stuart Jaffary*, '21, '28, lately business manager of *The Trail* and also greatly missed, is occasionally seen about town. He is engaged on psychological work for the Provincial Government at the several mental hospitals. *Carl Clement*, '28, is with the advertising department of the Calgary Herald, and *Bob Hill*, '29, is to be found at Pincher Creek, Alberta, with the Alberta Gas and Fuel Co. This journal has lost another capable official in the person of *Ken MacKenzie*, '27, who is now Circuit Manager for the Canadian Chautauquas and may be reached at 410 Burns Bldg., Calgary. Connected with the same concern is *Dillon Cornwall*, '28, who is a member of the Martin-Erwin Players. *Sid Stephens*, '25, '27, has moved to Moose Jaw to take up work in insurance; if he or his friends see this note I should be pleased to learn his exact address (in fact, that is lacking in a great many of these comments; will correspondents please help me in this respect to keep the mailing list up to date.) There is nothing like a course in library science to cultivate this habit—*Lesley Heathcote*, '24, '28, writes in to say that she is senior assistant in the Acquisitions Division of the library of the U. of Washington and that her address is 4718 12th Ave. N.E., Seattle. Wash. *Blanche Giffen*, '22, '25, another graduate of the same school, is with the Public Library, Salem, Oregon. While in the West (mentally) I might mention that *Clarence White*, '27, is with the Cons. Mining and Smelting Co. still, but is stationed at Fernie. *Rev. T. H. Wright*, '21, of Hazelton, B.C., attended the annual B.C. conference of the United Church in Vancouver last summer, and drove home some 960 miles. Although most of this distance was horizontal, I suppose, the worthy sky-pilot probably had his trials as well as an exhilarating experience. *D. A. McCannel*, '24, formerly provincial publicity commissioner, has resigned in order to take up active farming near Calgary. Let us know where, Mac—we'll miss you in the scrub hockey this winter. *George Field*, '29, has been with a Geodetic Survey party, south of Prince Albert, this summer, but has returned to the University to make use of his National Research Council Bursary under *Dr. H. J. Macleod*, '16. His address is 10434 69th Ave.

At the track meet a familiar figure loomed up in the person of "*Aubs*" *Bright*, '25, '27, who tells me that he is now with the firm of White, McDonald, McKay and Wells, Edmonton. I also learned that *Catherine Williams*, '22, who has been touring Europe this summer, is now teaching in Calgary, her address being 1719 33rd Ave. S.W. Last night's paper announced that *Helen Edwards*, '19, who has been in New Zealand, is now in England on her way back to Edmonton. *W. D. McDougall*, '29, is now principal of the practice school in the new Normal Building, which has been erected south of the hospital. Another member of this class, *J. P. Svarich*, is on Town Planning work with the engineer of the city of Edmonton, while *R. Bibby*, '29, has been with the Poole Construction Co. this summer. *Jack Hunter*, '28, has been on a Soil Survey party with *A. S. Ward*, '21, '26, in the Macleod area, but will be back at the Olds S.A. this winter. *Lorine Torgerson*, '26, is attending the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario. *Marjorie Sherlock*, '26, has returned from St. Hugh's College, Oxford, where she took her degree last spring with second-class honors, heading her college list. Her present address is 1260 5th Ave. S., Lethbridge. *Mary Martin*, '23, has won a Crosby Hall scholarship for 1929-30, which will enable her to do further graduate work at the University of London. The last address I have for her is Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, London S.W. 3, England.

More and more visiting alumni are forming the admirable habit of dropping into the office to say "Hello." Recently I have seen *A. S. Fisher*, '24, and *Pat*

*Bowman*, '28. The former was on his way back to Toronto where he spends his time designing new equipment for the Canadian National Telegraphs. The latter had been on a trip north (he is with the C.P.R., and his home address is 324 13th St. S., Lethbridge), and remarked that there seemed to be an Albertan at nearly every stopping place. Some whom he saw were *Wes Oke*, '26, '27, teaching at Grande Prairie; *R. E. English* at Berwyn; *Terry Agnew*, '28, and *Egbert Wilkinson*, practising at Peace River and Fairview respectively; and *Wilf Lawton*, '25, who has his headquarters at Maclennan, but is responsible for all the field survey work for the N. A. Railways. This week I am hoping to see *W. P. Campbell*, '23, '25, who operates a laboratory in Calgary for the Department of Natural Resources.

During my absence some letters came in, and have been held over for this issue. One interesting note was from *John Taylar*, '28, 1299 Lansdowne, Toronto 10, Ont. Here it is: "Best wishes to the Alumni Association. We have one of our own here, the Test Alumni Association, to which all graduates of the General Electric Test course are eligible. We put on quite a collegiate banquet at the Carls-Rite Hotel, and it made me feel quite retrospective. *Bill Fanjoy*, '24, *Frank Kunst*, '27, *Jack Willis*, '27, *Art Jones*, '28, and *Gus Gudmundson*, '29, are all enjoying a balmy Ontario spring at Peterboro, but since they are engineers I balk at describing their several activities. I may meet some Albertans at Sunnyside (were you there Sept. 15? I was.—Sec.), but I'm afraid that Toronto's Coney Island is too frivolous a spot to be frequented by U. of A.'s *severe and intellectual grads* (my italics—G.B.T.). You can expect me back when the pressure of sentiment and financial attraction becomes too great." *Marjorie Bradford*, '24, sends her best regards and a generous cheque from Room 205 1421 Atwater Ave., Montreal, where she is still Secretary of the Montreal Council of Social Agencies. *Gladys Smith*, '28, is continuing her post-grad work at McGill.

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She is particularly interested in the Vital Statistics, which she refers to as the "matched, hatched and dispatched." Her comment reminds me of a suggestion I wish to make, namely, that in counting up the number of announcements which are to be sent out on these important occasions, *include one for the Alumni Association* and send it directly to Miss Gretta Simpson, Provincial Laboratory, University of Alberta. *Alice Joyce*, '27, got her exercise this summer "on the hurricane deck of a seagoing nag to and from a little red schoolhouse." She reports having seen *Mrs. R. Falconer* (nee Amy Garbutt), '23, who owns drug stores in both Consort and Coronation, as well as a number of future members. *Bill Dean* (W. J.), '28, has been having an exciting time as a winged geologist. He is employed by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Trail, B.C., and has been stationed at The Pas, Manitoba. He says: "I fly myself around to look at prospects staked by prospectors in Northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba." *Nelson Chappelle*, '27 (see Vital Statistics), has left for Chicago, but is returning next year to Alberta to enter the pastorate of the United Church. He may be reached temporarily c|o *E. J. Thompson*, 132 Goodspeed Hall, University of Chicago, who in a letter remarks that "several Alberta people have been here this last spring." *John Walker*, '24, will be eligible for membership in the branch which *Walter Herbert*, '23, is going to form in the Gateway City. The former's address is Division of Extension, Dept. of Agriculture, Winnipeg, Man.; the latter's will be found elsewhere in this issue. I met *L. S. Russell*, '27, on the steps the other day with a fossil (in a box!), and congratulated him on taking his M.A. from Princton last spring. He returns there soon.

This apparently terminates my material, though I'm going to add a few addresses which, I think, are new. Let's have some letters, folks (and the needful if handy). We are particularly anxious to publish some correspondence in each issue. Pat Bowman starts the ball rolling in this one—who's next?

*Addresses*: *W. M. Fife*, '13, 44 Lakewood, Newton Highlands, Mass; *Mrs. Barker Fairley* (nee *Margaret Keeling*), '13, 197 Dowlish Ave. Toronto 12; *Mrs. T. E. Mudiman* (*nee Freda Smith*), '26, Manyberries, Alberta; *H. R. M. Acheson*, '29, c|o E. A. Kelly, Asst. Engineer, C.P.R., Blackie, Alberta; *Miss E. Cautley*, '28, 32 MacKenzie Apts., Ottawa, Ont.; *Mrs. Irma Dixon*, '23, 901 Alameda Ave., Klamoth Falls, Oregon; *Howard Emery*, '20, '22, c|o Newell, Lindsay, Emery and Ford, Canada Permanent Bldg., Edmonton; *Ross Henderson*, '26, 7 King Apts., Calgary, Alberta; *Eva Brownlee*, '23, 11331 95th St., Edmonton, Alta.; *Bob Lamb*, '23, 926 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal.; *W. G. Malaher*, c|o C.N.R., Dept. of Colonization, 17-19 Cockspur St., London, England; *Mrs. C. R. Wilton* (*nee Alta Iddings*), '24, 11301 73rd St., Edmonton; *S. B. Smith*, '19, '22, c|o McGillivray, Helman, Mahaffy and Smith, Calgary; *Miss C. M. Keir*, '28, 8 Carpenter Block, Edmonton; *Carl Pollock*, '28, 450 Cannon St. E., Hamilton, Ont.; *W. A. Deeprose*, '26, Westerdale, Alberta; *Marilda Clermont*, '26, 3323 13th Ave., Regina; *Dorothy McNichol*, '26, 413 12th St. S., Lethbridge; *W. L. McLaren*, 635 2nd Ave. N.W., Calgary; *A. D. Campbell*, '27, Bonnyville, Alberta; *C. A. Edwards*, '26, '28, Drumheller; *H. L. Gale*, '25, 742 Bidwell St., Vancouver.

Cheerio and au revoir.

—G. B. T.

# Marriages, Birth and Death

## MARRIAGES

FOSTER—OWENS—At Edmonton, on July 22, 1929, Aileen Banks, daughter of Mr. R. B. Owens and the late Mrs. Owens, to William, B.Sc. '26, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Foster. Mr. and Mrs. Foster have made their home in Edmonton.

DAVIES—MYLER—At Montreal on Sept. 18, 1929, Miss Lilian Myler to Mr. Percy Davies, '25, '27. Mr. and Mrs. Davies have made their home at Clyde, Alberta.

GERRIE—TREDWAY — At Edmonton on Sept. 21, 1929, Mona, B.A. '28, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dempster Tredway, to John Wilfred Gerrie, '24, M.D. '27, son of the late Captain the Rev. John P. Gerrie and Mrs. Gerrie. Dr. and Mrs. Gerrie have made their home in Toronto.

CLARK—McKENZIE—At Edson, on Aug. 8, 1929, Jean Irving McKenzie, daughter of Mrs. A. R. Anstee, to Roland V. Clark, '28. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have made their home in Edmonton (1 Algonquin Apts.).

HERBERT—HORRICKS—At Winnipeg, on Aug. 19, 1929, Emily Horricks, '28, to Walter Herbert, B.A. '23, '26. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert have made their home in Winnipeg (19 Fairmont Apts.).

MATHER—SMITH—At Edmonton, on Sept. 12, 1929, Dorothy Lilian Isabel, B.A. '25, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, to Thomas Herbert, Ph.D., '22, '25, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mather, of Winterburn. Mr. and Mrs. Mather have made their home in Edmonton (11109 84th Ave.).

WARD—BULYEA—At Edmonton, on Saturday, Sept. 21, 1929, Josephine Hendry, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Bulyea, to Dr. Albert Edward Ward, '26, of Redcliff, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ward, of Sedgewick. Dr. and Mrs. Ward have made their home at Redcliff.

GRAHAM—STEELE—At Wetaskiwin, on Aug. 1, 1929, Ivy Mary Steele, B.A. '22, to Dr. Melvin Graham. Dr. and Mrs. Graham have made their home at Ponoka.

WILLIS—STUDHOLME—At Edmonton, on Sept. 25, 1929, Reva Marie Studholme, B.A. '25, to Ernest Macpherson Willis, '23. Mr. and Mrs. Willis have made their home in Edmonton.

LYNCH-STAUNTON—ADAMS—At Calgary, on Sept. 20, 1929, Frank Lynch-Staunton, to Monica Adams, B.A. '27.

MALCOLMSON—FARMER—At Leduc, Alberta, on Aug. 16, 1929, Eleanor Kerr, B.A., '28, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Farmer, Blairmore, Alberta, to Patrick Hamilton, B.A. '26, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Malcolmson, Edmonton, Alta.

AGNEW—McCALLUM—At Edmonton, on Aug. 6, 1929, Bertha McCallum, '26, to Terence Agnew, M.D. '28. Dr. and Mrs. Agnew have made their home at Peace River, Alberta.

CHAPPEL—NIX—At Edmonton, on Sept. 11, 1929, Mabel Naomi, '27, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Edward Nix, of Edmonton, to Nelson Thomas, '27, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Chappel, of Minecing, Ont.

WILSON—WALKER — At Vancouver, on Aug. 22, 1929, Marjorie Doreen Walker, '24, to Ernest Wilson, '25, '27. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have made their home in Edmonton.

SUTHERLAND—O'DONNELL — At Edmonton, on Thursday, Aug. 1, 1929, Phyllis Cecily, '29, daughter of Mrs. Catherine O'Donnell, to Gordon Douglas, '27, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sutherland, of Morningside, Alberta. Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland will make their home in Drumheller, Alberta.

GODDARD—HOWES—At Edmonton on October 8, 1929, Nora Kathleen, '29, daughter of Dean and Mrs. E. A. Howes, to Stanley Arthur, son of the late Mr. Cecil Goddard and Mrs. Goddard, of Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard will reside in Cincinnati, Ohio.

## BIRTH

TEMPLETON—To Mr. and Mrs. J. Templeton (nee Helen Roscoe), '22, on July 29, 1929, a daughter, Joan Margaret.

## DEATH

BUDD—At Calgary, on Sept. 19, 1929, W. Sinclair Budd, '21, '24.

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